FAMILIAR SERIES.

THE THREE GOOD FRIENDS

McLOUGHLIN BROS. NEW YORK.

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ELVAH KARSHNER

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

THE THREE GOOD FRIENDS:

LILLIE, CARRIE, & FLOSS.

WE TWO, with babies nice and clean,—
By babies our two dolls I mean.
My baby could not keep awake—
Behind my seat no harm she'll take;
Well, we and babes and puss make five.
All going for a carriage drive.

Now Floss, don't bark! It isn't right,
You'll make the horses both take fright.
And if they do, they'll run so fast
That you'll be left behind at last!
Mamma is coming here, I see,—
Look, Floss! she nods her head to me!

Here we are with our babes—are they not pretty dears?
They are both made to cry, but they never shed tears;

They have fine rosy lips with some hard stuff beneath,
And mamma thinks they never will have any teeth!
Their frocks get so dirty, and we cannot tell how;
They were quite clean this morning, and look at them now!
Then their faces get dirty, and dirt sticks so fast!
Meg has been in a bath since the night before last.
I am sure we take pains to teach babies to walk;
We lead them, we jump them, and we coax them to talk;
We have tried, too, to teach them a nursery rhyme;
But still dolls will be dolls to the end of all time!

If you please, Mrs. Murphy, I have called in to say
We want some potatoes for dinner to day
Our cook does not like them with too many eyes;
She says that they stare at her jellies and pies.
I don't like old potatoes, and I won't have the new;
And now I must tell you your scales are not true.
Just look at them now!—it is useless to frown—
See! if one scale goes up, the other goes down!
It is of no use you frowning and pouting your lips,—
Why can't you sell apples without apple pips?

ALL GOING FOR A CARRIAGE DRIVE.

HERE WE ARE WITH OUR BABES.

I WANT SOME POTATOES WITH VERY FEW EYES.

AT UMBRELLA COTTAGE WE MERRILY LIVE.

'TIS WASHING-DAY—WE'RE AT THE TUB.

WE'RE SINGING, FLOSS! BE QUIET NOW

We must deal with John Grubb or Adelaide Jones,
If you won't send cherries without cherry stones.

We are pretty well, thank you; and pray how are you?
And why do you laugh at our house? It is new,
For we built it to-day; and I'm sure it is grand,
Though uncle can carry it off in one hand.
It is open and pleasant, and it is not too small,
And our carpet is made out of Mary's wool shawl;
She want's not a shawl whilst she is having her tea,
And her shawl does well where it is, as you see.
At Umbrella Cottage we merrily live,
And to friends, when they call, some nice apples we give.

'Tis washing day, we're at the tub;
Dolls' clothes are very hard to rub;
The more we try to make them wet,
I'm sure the dirtier they get!
We ought, you know, to have some soap;
Onion will do as well, we hope.

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